

March 25, 1996

Dear Lorraine,

I'm embarrassed that I sent you the same updates twice. I think my mistake was that I hadn't printed off a copy for my notebook, and just thought I had neglected to send you the updates also.

If you look on pp. 234-235 of the Brubaker Book, you will find more on the family of Anna Frantz (Samuel, John, Daniel, Michael 2,1) who married Benjamin F. Brubaker. I don't think he had this in the pages he had sent before. Let me know if you didn't get the Brubaker Book, and I will copy it off for you. Marwin has done a great job. He has so much that is new to me.

Enclosed are the things that my sister Lois read at Rachel's funeral, which I think are a very nice tribute to her. No, we didn't get there. It just didn't seem wise for us to make the trip, and Elvin didn't think so either. I was glad that Lois and Marlin could go as they were the only ones of our family that went. They live in western Nebraska so it wasn't so far, and they are used to driving in the snow. Several of Rachel's family got there, especially the ones who live in Colo.

Our daughter-in-law's mother died a couple of weeks ago. She had cancer. It had spread to her liver and she just couldn't fight it off. I liked her a lot - we will miss her. Another of our friends is in the hospital now and in very serious condition.

We are having very beautiful weather right now, and the flowers are blooming along the roadsides. Haven't seen the comet yet. Can you see it up there in the desert? I imagine the sky is more clear up there.

I must go - have so much yard work waiting for me, and I am so slow anymore.

Love,
Hazel

Memories of Rachel and Her Writings
read by Lois Wine at Rachel's funeral

Elvin and I have a brother, Loren, whose wife, Evelyn, Frantz, has written her memories of Rachel. I want to share these memories with you.

" When I think of Rachel, I think of hospitality. Not only did she offer a warm and gracious welcome to visitors; she was always wondering what more she could do; yet another dish to put on the table; yet another activity for the children; yet another offering for her guests' comfort.

" When I think of Rachel, I think of creativity: her way of seeing the world, her writing; her artistic ability. Just this Christmas she sent us her account of the European trip. She also challenged us to be creative. At one of our Frantz reunions in Buena Vista she provided paint and paper and a view of her beloved mountains and encouraged each of us to paint what we saw.

When I think of Rachel, I think of her sense of justice and service. Whether working with Church Women United, with refugee resettlement, in peace issues, in many Church World Service projects as well as her local congregation, Rachel worked quietly, diligently and generously to make the world a better place.

When I think of Rachel, I think of family. Family was very important to Rachel. She was always amazed at the difficulties her mother had experienced in raising her large family alone. She often spoke with great affection of her brothers and sisters. She enjoyed creating a record of Elvin's life at the time of his retirement. She loved her daughters. She created an enduring legacy for all of us with her geneological study.

(I have always been grateful to the Frantzes for making me feel a part of the family. I have also sometimes felt that the sisters-in-law shared a particular bond: "When you're married to a Frantz".)

Hospitality, creativity, social justice, family. These are attributes with which Rachel blessed us.

(Lois continues)

If I had the ability to write like Evelyn and Rachel, I could have written much the same about Rachel. But I will just say "AMEN" to all that Evelyn wrote.

Rachel had a special love of the written word. She greatly enjoyed reading what others wrote, but she also had a love of writing. She has had several meditations published in the "Upper Room".

This morning I want to share two of her poems which she wrote.

Rachel fell in love with the plot of land where she and Elvin built their home because it is along the waters of the upper Arkansas River and she grew up on a farm irrigated from the Arkansas River near Rocky Ford.

Rachel was inspired to write a poem about water. She said that a double rainbow here in the upper Arkansas Valley inspired her attempt to express the virtues of a treasured commodity
..... WATER.

Rachel received a Who's Who in Poetry Award in 1990 and her poem was published in the World Treasury of Great Poems book which is displayed on the Memorial Table.

Where There is Water
by Rachel Hamm Frantz

Where there is water,
Life begins anew
With the green of Springtime.

Water in the rivers
Flow from mountains
To lower valleys.

There to give nourishment
To plants so needed
For people's daily food.

The double rainbows
Of upper mountain valley
Give promise of harvest.

Cantaloupes and peaches,
Lettuce and beans,
Pumpkins and apples glow -
Bringing Thanksgiving Season.

Families then gather to say
We "Thank You God" this day.

And during wintertime
They reflect upon
Creation and its rebirth.

...Published in World Treasury of Great Poems
Volume II, page 783 Copyright, 1990

Rachel was awarded a Golden Poet Award for another poem in the World of Poetry Contest in 1989. About this poem, she said:

I will be 79 years old in the year, 2000.

In this poem I'm trying to visualize what life will be like for our three daughters in the 21st Century.

A WOMAN IN 21st CENTURY
by Rachel Hamm Frantz

What will a woman in the coming days
Of the twenty-first century do and be?
Will she say farewell to the joy
Of hearing newborn cries of girl or boy,
Who say "yes" to life from the start
Bringing wonder to a young mother's heart.

Instead, will she feel compelled to seek
Equality in business, forty hours a week
Leaving family life for weekend,
Household chores and clothes to mend.

Will being a pioneer in this way impress,
Or to human relations bring distress?
Communication with others will be
More important in year 2000 for her and me!

Will a woman meet the challenge of soul
Or will she come short of the goal?
Will she be creative in life,
Finding the answers to strife?

There will be rainbows to bring hope,
And meaning in rooms to peacefully cope;
Giving faith to the young and aging!

...COPYRIGHT, MARCH 7, 1990

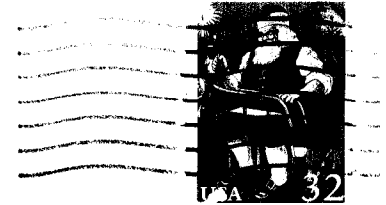
The following was not read at the funeral, but was also included in Rachel's notes about the poem "Where There is Water".

Research gives me evidence that by 1865 soil near creeks could produce crops. Numerous streams coming into THE ARKANSAS afforded abundant water for irrigation.

THIS UPPER ARKANSAS VALLEY WAS A PARADISE FOR THE INDIANS WHO HAD MADE IT THEIR HAPPY HUNTING GROUND FOR YEARS UNTIL THE GOVERNMENT COMPELLED THEM TO REMAIN ON THE RESERVATION: ALTHOUGH THERE WAS NO VIOLENCE THIS SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGE.

IT SEEMS AN INJUSTICE THAT CHIEF COLOROW AND HIS INDIAN TRIBE, WHO WERE FRIENDLY TO THE WHITES, WERE NOT ALLOWED TO CONTINUE TO USE THE VALLEY OF THE ARKANSAS FOR FISHING AND HUNTING!

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26 Mar 1996

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